THE WAY-SIDE WELL.

He stopped at the way side well, Where the water was cool and deet, There were feathery forms twixt the money And gray was the oil well sweep.

He left his carriage in e;
Nor could conchin in or footman tell
Way the master stop ad in the dusty read
Lodrint at a conside wall.

He swayed with his gloved hands. The well-sweep creaking and slow, While from seam and scar in the bucket's The water plashed back below.

He lifted it to the curb, And bent down to the bucke's brin; No furrows of time or care had marked The face that leoked back at him.

He saw but a farmer's boy
"As he stooped o'er the brim to drink,
And ruddy and tanned was the laughing face
That met his over the brink.

The eyes were summy and clear,
And the brow undimmed by care,
While from under the brim of the old straw-Strayed curis of chestnut hair.

He turned away with a sigh,

Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in his ride that day
To drink at the way-side well.

-Good Company.

DE LAM' A STRAYIN'.

[Exhortation at a colored camp-meeting he dialect is that of a Mississippi plantation.]

[Exhortation at a colored camp-meeting The dialect is that of a Missiscippi plantation. Look out, backsider, what you walkin? Make a misstep, she's you be'u. I tell you what, it's no use talkin', Ef you slip up, chile, you gone! De road is full er stumps an' stubble, Bute an' sink holes ebery what', I spee dey'll gib you heap er trouble, 'F you don't stop yo' foelin' dar'. It's dark ez pitch an' mighty cloudy. Spee' de debbil's walkin' roan'. Fus' thing you know he'll tell you "howdy,"—Lif' his hoof an' stomp de groun'. Man, can't you see a sio'm's a brewin'? Hear de awfur thunder peal!
Look! Blazin' light'nin' threat'nin' ruin—Oh, backelider, how you feel?
Drap on yo' knees an' go to prayin', Ax de Lawd to he'p you out.
Chile, tell him you's a lam' a strayin'—Done got los' an' stum'lin' bout. An' deu you'll see de stars a-gleamin'—'Luminatin' all de way.
Yea, 'bout ten thousan' twinkith', beamip'—Sunck untwell de break er day.
But of you fall de debbil git you, Fetch you slap' right in yo' eye, You'il feel mos' like er grape shot bit you, Drapp'd t'on balf way to de sky!

THE LITTLE CHARM.

It was by far the worst quarrel they had ever had, and they had many, for she had a temper, and he had a temper, and they were both of them impulsive young people with very little self-con-

You are a false, selfish, untruthful, man-like man,' said she. 'And you a suspicious, unreasonable,

unwomanly woman, said he.
'Take back your letters,' she cried, flinging a parcel tied with hyacinth-blue ribbon on the floor at his feet. 'I will,' he muttered between his

clenched teeth, picking up the parcel and throwing it into the fire, where it blazed brightly for a moment or two, and then flew away in thin uncanny black fragments up the chimney. As the last fragment disappeared, Rick turned again to Letty, with frowning brow, and asked, as he had asked before, 'Do you still persist in accusing me of deceit and falsehood?'

'I do,' she replied, 'unless you show me the charm."

'I will not show it to you,' he declared, with violent emphasis. 'If my word be not sufficient, I refuse to give you further proof. I wonder that you dare insult me by asking it. And I also wonder how you, believing me to be and untruthful, can b trust your future to me. And, to speak frankly, I begin to think we have made a great mistake in supposing that we could spend that future happily together. And, furthermore, I also begin to

think that perhaps it would have been

better if we had never met.

Oh, indeed, sir!'-with great assumption of dignity. 'Have you just arrived at that conclusion? I have long been sure of it. But there is nothing easier than to part. Your letters are already disposed of. To-morrow I will send back your ring and picture. And then, when I am free once more, I can try to please my mother (our acquaintance, as you are well aware, has never pleased her) and in pleasing her I may find 1 am doing a pleasant as well as a wise thing for myself.'

'Are you referring to Brougham Brown i'

'I am referring to Brougham Brown. Rick, seizing his hat said, 'this is too much. Letty, good by forever.'

But Letty began humming an air, drumming an accompaniment on the window pane, and vouchsafed no answer. Rick rushed from the room. The humming and drumming ceased instantly, and the whilom performer listened intently. Five minutes passed, and still the street door did not slam. He is waiting for me to come out into the hall and beg his pardon, I suppose, but I won't,' and she turned again to the window as the door shut with a

And then she flung herself on the lounge, kicked off her slippers, and cried like a summer shower. Rick gone, and gone 'forever'—Rick whom she had loved so dearly, and who had loved her so dearly, and who had loved her so dearly, for two long years. And why? Just because that silly, giggling, Lena Marian, with her pale blue eyes and straw-colored hair, had chosen to tell fibs about him. And shaking the water from her lashes, she began scolding herself just as hard as she had scolded poor Rick. The idea Letty Lounsberry, of your believing that girl before him! What possessed you? He did firt a little with her, that is true; but all men flirt a little with girls who persist in admiring them and flattering them. But he never gave her the little gold pig-your Christmas gift to him-never! How she got it I can't imagine, but he would have explained it if you had given him a chance.' And then the

for a two days' visit, came in for a share of the paper in Rick's bold hand were of reproach. 'If she had only let our these engagement be known, instead of insisting upon our waiting until Rick was 21.' And Letty saddenly remembered that ever since Rick came in to make a morning call, knowing Mrs. Louisberry was absent, baby had been sitting alone in the dining-room in the middle of the big dinner-table, surrounded by all the pickle and marmalade jars and fruit cans and catsup bottles and jam pots out of the store-room. For it was the monthly house-cleaning day, and the store-room fell to Letty's share, the foreign help being gifted with too great a talent for smashing and break ing, to say nothing of an equally great talent for abstracting and devouring both sweets and sours. Letty sprang from the lounge, thrust her feet inte her slippers, and hastened where duty had been calling her for some time. Baby sat, as good as gold, nursing a bottle of tomato sauce, snugly wrapped in a dish-towel, in the spot where she had been when Rick's ring summoned her sister to the door. Only one small flask lay broken on the floor. 'That won't be missed, said Letty. 'I thank fortune, there's no worse mischief done.' But the 'thank' was scarely uttered when her eyes fell upon the last jar of the famous peach marmalade, the secret of the making of which died with grandmamma, and which was being carefully kept for Aunt Emory's (Aunt Emory was an old maid worth \$30,000) birthday. There it stood directly in front of baby, with more than half of its thick paper hat torn off, and a yawning cavity made in its precious contents

by little scooping fingers.

'Oh, Baby, why couldn't you have taken any jar but that?' asked Letty, reproachfully and dramatically. But Baby evidently had no excuse to offer for not doing so, for she kept on croon-ing to her bottle-doll, while her sister hastily fashioned another paper hat and tied it securely over what remained of

the original covering.

Then said Baby, "Rick tiss I—nice

'Oh, that is what he was doing when she foolishly imagined he was waiting for her to come and implore his forgiveness—bidding good-by to Baby. She might have known it, for he had always loved Baby dearly.'
'Yes, Baby; nice Rick, good Rick, dear Rick; but, for all that, the ring he

gave me goes back to him to-morrow unless I hear from him to-night, How dare he wish that we had never met?

But she did not hear from him that night, and the little band of gold was placed in Rick's hands as he left his place of business. But ah, what a silent, sorrowful maiden wandered about the Lounsberry dwelling thereafter! What a listless, weary voice repeated the nursery rhymes that Baby demanded fifty times a day!

'No nice—no more,' said Baby, miss-ing the merry tones and the happy laugh. But Mrs. Lounsberry was not at all displeased with the turn affairs had taken, Broughman Brown suited her much better as prospective son-in-law than Richard Creighton. One was a wealthy young brewer, the other a poor clerk in a counting house.

'Letty will soon get over it,' she said to Letty's father, whose heart ached at the sight of his daughter's sad face. A first-love disappointment is always hard to bear for a while. I thought I should have died when Stephen Ford married my cousin, but I didn't; I lived to marry you, and I have a seal-skin cloak, and Mrs. Ford hasn't even a jacket. And so Broughman Brown, on the square. The next thing is tew who was really a manly, generous, good- find out how old she is, which yu kan hearted fellow, in spite of his beer and wealth, encouraged by the maternal head of the house, began devoting him-self in the most ardent fashion to Letty, and she, seeing her mother's pleasure thereat, and hearing no word from Rick, received his attentions in a passive, unresponsive way.

Three months went by, and it was Aunt Emory's birthday, and that ec-centric old lady had decided to divide it among the family, lunching with one portion, dining with another, and sup-ping with a third. The lunch party was given at her sister Letitia's (Mrs. Lounsberry), and some half a dozen old friends and some dozen relatives were bidden to the feast. Letty, in a seagown with a spray of pink hyacinths in her hair, went quietly about welcoming her guests, Brougham Brown following her like her shadow, until lunch was announced. Then, taking her place at the table, the young man still near her, she raised the cover from and dipped a spoon into the last jar of grandmama's famous peach marmalade (she had had it placed before her, trusting to be able to hide the mischief Baby had done), when somebody said, addressing her mother: 'Have you heard that Richard Creighton is going abroad for his health? He has given up his situation, and sails in a day or two. They say he has failed fast lately.'

And the very next moment Aunt Emory fixed her spectacled eyes upon her niece's pale face, and asked, sharply: 'What's the matter, child? Do you see anything dreadful in the sweets?'

'No, ma'am,' answered Letty, with a pitiful attempt at a smile, when the spoon struck something harder than preserved peaches should be.

'Let me help you,' said Brougham; and with one turn of his wrist he placed upon the dainty china shell before her—a wad of paper.

'And so that is the last of the celebrated marmalade, is it?' said Aunt Emory. 'I prefer my sweets unmixed will sho yu how the thing is did, and Emory. I prefer my sweets unmixed will sho yu how the th with any foreign substances. Take it it shaut kost yu a cent.

away, Norah.' But Letty was already unrolling the paper (it proved to be the missing part of the jar's original hat)—a rather difficult thing to accomplish, as it stuck Now the sardines have entirely disappersistently to her small fingers, but peared, and French scientists attribute

'MY DARLING: How foolish we are —I mean, I am! Here is the charm. Miss Varian had it about ten minutes last night—only long enough to show it to you and tell you a story about it. Baby will give it to you. Had no paper, so I tore a piece off one of your jam pots. Will see you to-morrow RICK. evening.

Never did any young lady so sud-denly break through all the conventionalities of society, never did daughter so quickly forget the wishes of her mother, never did niece so unflinchingly brave the displeasure of a thirty-thousand-dol lar aunt, as did Letty Lounsberry the instant after she had read this note.

Brougham, she said, looking at him with beseeching eyes, I must see Rick. You will go and bring him?

For a moment he pulled his long moustache nervously. 'We are not very good friends, you know, at last he

'Yes, I know. But I am to blame for that, Brougham, but I must see Rick.

And the good fellow, hesitating no longer, turned from the imploring face, and, with a tugging at his heart-strings, went off to seek his rival. He found him, and brought him back. And what do you think Aunt Emory did? Aunt Emory, who had declared over and over again that only as Mrs. Brougham Brown, Letty should inherit any of her money. 'Left the house in a passion!'
Not a bit of it. She laughed and laughed until she could laugh no longer.

'Now I shall have something new to tell felks,' she said. 'They must be tired and sick of my old yarns. I'm sure I am. Love, gold pigs, jealousy, and marmalade all mixed up together. It's one of the funniest things I ever heard in all my life."

'I'm glad you think so,' said Mrs. Lounsberry. 'It don't strike me that way. What are they going to live on? Oh, I'll look after them, said Aunt Emory; and her remark makes a very good ending to this story.

Josh Billings on Courting

Courting is a luxury, it is sallad, it is ise water, it is a beveridge, it is the pla spell ov the soul. The man who has never courted haz lived in vain; he haz bin a blind man amung landskapes and waterskapes; he has bin a deff man in the land ov hand organs, and by the side ov murmuring canals. Courting iz like 2 little springs ov soft water that steal out from under a rock at the fut ov a mountain and run down the hill side by side singing and dansing and spatering each uther, eddying and frothing and kaskading, now hiding under bank, now full ov sun, and now full of shadder, till bimeby tha jine and then tha ge slow. I am in favor ov long courting; it gives the parties a chance to find out each uther's wants to be did slow, then yu git the flavor. I hav saw folks git ackquainted, fail in luv, git married, settel down and git tew wurk, in three weeks from This is jist wa sum folks larn a trade, and akounts for the grate num-ber ov almitey mean mechanicks we

hav, and the poor jobs tha turn out. Perhaps it is best i shud state sum good advise tew yang men, who are a libel by the apothecaries, and in this about tew court with a final view to position they were sustained by the mair mony, az it waz. In the first court, plase, yung man, yu want to git yure dow bi asking her and she will sa that she is 19 years old, and this yu will find won't be far from out ov the wa. The next best thing iz tew begin moderate; say onse every nite in the week for the fust six months, increasing the dose as the pasheint seems to require it. It is a fust rate wa tew court the girl's mother a leettle on the start, for there iz one thing a woman never de-spizes, and that iz, a leettle good court-ing, if it is dun strikly on the square. After the fust year yu will begin to be well ackquainted and will begin tew like the bizzness. Thare is one thing I alwus advise, and that iz not to swop fotograffs oftener than onse in 10 daze,

unless yu forgit how the gal looks. yu tew find out what ails yu. Evening meetings are a good thing tu tend, it will keep your religgion in tune, and then if the gal bappens to be thare, bi acksident, she kan ask yu tew go hum with her. As a gioral thing i wouldn't brag on uther gals mutch when i waz courting, it mite look az tho vu knu tew mutch. If yu will court 3 years in this wa, awl the time ou the square, if yu don't sa it iz a lectile the slikest time in your life, yu kan git measured for a hat at my expense, and pa for it. Don't court for munny, nor buty, nor relashons, theze things are jist about az onsartin as the kerosene ile refining bissness, liabel tew git out ov repair and bust at enny minnit.

Court a gal for fun, for the luy yu bear her, for the vartue and bissness thare is in her; court her for a wife and for a mother, court her as yu wud court a farm-for the strength ov the sile and the parfeckshun ov the title; court her as the she wasn't a fule, and yu a nuther; court her in the kitchen, in the parior, over the wash-tub, and at the pianner; court this wa, yung man, and if you don't git a good wife and she don't git a good hustband, the

falt won't be in the courtins.

Until lately French fishermen could given him a chance. And then the accomplished at last, when out relied their migration to a change in the direction of the gulf stream.

Science Notes

W. H. SMITH, M. D., PH. D. Prussia has at court a medical officer ho acts as a minister of justice. Ten cubic feet of carbonic acid ga are given off in respiration from the lung of a man every 24 hours.

Six grains of vapor are exhaled from man's lungs every minute.

Cold may be taken in the spinal cord and produce locomator ataxia In the United States 73 papers are

devoted to science and mechanics. Twenty-five trichinæ have been counted in a single muscle of the ear

Fornadoes are usually preceded by a

ster's dictionary 70,000. In the Practitioner Dr. Hunter rec-

ommends Arequipa, Peru, as a resort for consumptives. There the air is dry and aseptic, and the temperature does the not often vary two degrees, but remains nearly uniform at 65° Fahrenheit.

Blood-stains upon cloth, even after the garment has been washed in water, may be detected by spectrum analysis. The spectroscope also enables the scientist to distinguish recent old blood

Clouds are moisture evaporated from the earth, and afterwards partially condensed in the atmosphere. The aqueous vapor in the former is less condensed, lighter, and elevated above our heads, that of the latter is more concentrated, heavier, and in contact with the earth.

A report is going the rounds of the papers to the effect that trichinæ had been found in a pike caught near Ostend, in the North Sea. It is probable that in this case intestinal worms, such as have been known to invest shad, were mistaken for triching.

In the Place Maubert, Paris, is a market for the purchase of cigar stumps. There are also in that city with their headquarters in the wine saloons, four or five wholesale dealers in these stumps which in our country are trump kards, it is good exercise, and is jist as indersent as 2 merino lambs. Courting is like strawberries and cream, wants to be did slow, then yu git the brand named Tabac de París.

The pharmacists in the Canton of Vand in Switzerland recently compelled by legal measures a patent medicine vender to omit from his advertisement that his "Celebrated Our New Departure! Pills" were found in the stores of all good druggist. This was regarded as

The petroleum supply in Pennsylvania shows signs of becoming exhausted. Ruined derricks over wells pumped dry in regions that once spout- THORP, HAWLEY & CO. ed abundantly are common. Hitherto new sources of supply have been found to take the place of the abandoned; but the present indications are that the great reservoir is nearly drained. The Bradford region in McKean county which pump 60,000 barrels a day, and appear to be the central supply for the state is steadily failing at the rate of 2,500 daily.

AN IRISH PROBLEM.—A member of the health department of St. Louis has recieved a letter from one John L. Sultivan, which embodies a first-class Irish puzzle. The writer propounds: If a man was to die and get married the second time before he died, and Okasionally yu want tew look sorry and draw in yure wind az tho yu had pain, this will set the gal tew teazing second time, and then was to die and leave a will, and was to make the will before he died, and then die, could his second wife's children, after the will was made, come in for their full share of his property if he bought 250 acres of land after he made this will? And does it make any difference to his second wife's children whether the first wite's children, which were born before he married the second time, come in for their share of his personal property which he had before he

> Germany is disturbed because two United States war ships have been ordered to Egyptian waters.

Paul Boynton is swimming in North

A World of Good.

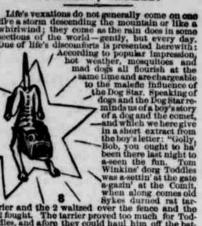
One of the most popular medicines now be-fere the American public, is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleas-ant to the taste as some other Bitters, as it is not a whisky drink. It is more like the old-fashioned bone-set tea, that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right, try H p Bitters.—NundaNeces.

Princess Louise is enroute to Canada. She sailed on the 25th.

HAYRSVILLE, Onlo, Feb. 11, 1880.
I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles and I would not take \$100 for the good they did me, I recommend them to my patients, and get the best results from their use.

C. B. MERTER, M. D.

TORMENT, INDEED.



Tornadoes are usually preceded by a calm and sultry state of the atmosphere.

In Boston they say that one electric lamp at night is as efficient as five policemen.

In England Darwin estimates that upon one acre of earth 57,767 earth worms exist. In this country they are probably far more numerous.

Linguins assert that a striking peculiarity of the English language is to be seen in the fact that so many of its words are of foreign origin.

The usual duration of tornadoes is from 18 to 70 seconds. Their breadth extends from a few rods to several hundred miles, but the length of their course is seldom over 20 miles.

The number of words in different languages is very great. Thus the Chinese have 40,000 words and Flugel's dictionary contains 65,000, and Webster's dictionary 70,000.

Was assettin' at the gate again, at the Comit, when along comes old Sykes duried rat target and series and the 2 waltzed over the fence and the 2 fought. The tarrier proved too much for Toddes, and afore they could haul him off the bat target and affect hey could haul him off the bat target and affect hey could haul him off the bat target and affect hey could haul him off the bat target and affect hey could haul him off the bat target and affect hey could haul him off the bat target and affect hey could haul him off the bat target and affect hey could haul him off the bat target and affect hey could haul him off the bat target and affect hey could haul him off the bat target and affect hey could haul him off the bat target and affect hey could haul him off the bat target and affect hey could haul him off the bat target and affect hey could haul him off the bat target and affect hey could haul him off the bat target and affect hey could haul him off the bat target over the fence and the gound he had made a good square meal of his hide. Tom was in desput. A kind looking gentleman in a broad brim hat told him toget a bottle of St. Jacoss On and the had made a good square meal of his hide. Tom was in desput. A kind looking gentleman in a

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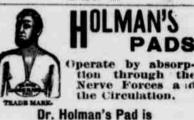
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